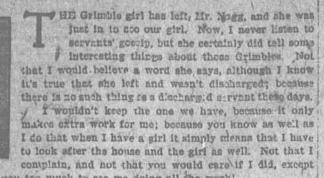
He Is Full of Practical Jokes 30 30

# MRS. NAGG AND MR.-

By Roy L. McCardell.



it would please you too much to see me doing all the work! Yes, Mr. Nagg, you would see me drop in my tracks and never say as much as "Thank you!" Oh, do not deny it! All a man marries a woman for is to have some one to wait or him hand and foot, a slave whom he can abuse and neglect and whom he never has to pay! Marriage is nice enough for men, but I would advise every young girl to think twice before she went into hondage as a wife.

And yet, strange to cay, girls are just as silly as they ever were, and all they think of is getting married, when all around them they see unhappy women like me married to men who never come home, and when they do come home it is only to scold and row until one is ready to burst into tears and say, "What thanks do I get?"

Don't deny it, hir. Nagg! Sit there like you always do and treat me with silent contempt: You do perfectly right. I have stood this sort of treatment without saying a word, trying to smile, although my heart is breaking, and so it is no wonder you have a contempt for me. But why should you have a contempt for my brother Willie; why should you have a contempt for my dear mather? My people are as good as your people; and at least I will say one thing for them, they never make any trouble in this house, and that is more than I can say about your people.

It is like you to stort to quarrel with me about my family just when you see I am in a happy frame of mind, and treat me like the dirt under your fact! You didn't say a word, you say? Of course, you didn't! That is just like you! Why don't you come out like a man and say what you think? Why don't you speak up and tell me you hate me, that you have grown tired of your home, grown tired of me, grown tired of your children, grown tired of everything except your own friends, who keep you out night after night! Oh, don't deny it; you were out till way after midnight-well, it was 10 o'clock then-this very night three weeks ago!

If you want to break up housekeeping, why don't you say so like a man? I have tried to make you happy! I never say a word, and the things I put up with would make a heart of stone weep till it went mad! Oh, I know what is in your mind, Mr. Nagg! .

What about the Grimbles, you ass? Oh, I didn't think you were interested, Mr. Nagg! You wanted to change the subject? Oh, of course; but who started it, Mr. Nagg? Who started it?

Well, now if you will quiet down your temper and be calm a moment, I will tell you. Sarah, the Grimbles's girl that left, told me Mr. Grimble is so stingy that he feeds the furnace with coal from a tablespoon, and every time does it he groans, and the Grimbles don't get along well together and have terrible fights and would throw things at each other only they are too stingy and afraid they might break something! But I don't care to listen to gossip. You know Grimble down town. Is

# The Office Boy and—"HER!"

By Albert Payson Terhune.

got a funny feeling 'round my She gives those fresh young sierks the As if I'd eaten sinkers with my She wouldn't even lunch with the My hear now always has a dandy part, My heads are kept the cleanest of She says that I'm the best boy in the

My-mind won't work the way it used It just keeps thinking all day long of And then I-"Who is 'Herr "-I thought

She has a face that's got Lal Russell

down my spine. My heart goes wobbling 'round be-

Fe tose a whole week's pay to call Advice by writin' in to "Betty's Belm".

To ask if two can live on Four a week!

TELL MR. SIZZLE I YES, SIR, TAKE A SEAT, PLEASE. A MILLION DOLLARS. SIZZLE & BANKERS







The Bearville Donkey Party. By Rob Thompson. NOW, T'LL TURN YOU

# DEART and MOMIE PAGE FOR WOMEN CHEEREN

### Women, Righteousness and Ashes. By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

In an address that bristled with invective the clergyman stigmatized the society women as half-naked, painted, censualized creatures; full eisters to the benighted fested dencers of South Africa.—Rev. Dr. Strong, of Chicago. TIUS did a Chicago divine votes his indignation over a

recent Mismess dance held by scotety women or the Windy City. Like most references, he managed to make his denunciation more offensive than the object of his wrath could youthly have been. For a Billingegate fish-wife cannot hope to equal

When I ploked up her pencil, once, she

"Good little Fogarty?" with such

That I could feel my face was turning

just my style!"
She kind o' laughed, but managed to

I s'pose now we're engaged. I guess

in offensiveness indignant rightcourness opening the sluicegates of its soul. Some of the persons who denounced "Mrs. Werren's

Profession" did so in terms that might have brought blushes to that brazen lady's cheeks. And more recently the language used about "The Clansman" might have caused even its copper-colored villain to

"Do you know, Dr. Johnson" said one of the female admirers of the great lexicographer. "the delightful thing about your dictionary is that there is not a pad word in it?" , "Indeed!" said Johnson. "You must have looked for

And it seems to me that before a dergyman or a reformer or a critic starts on a crumade he refusacks the dictionary for all the most disagreeable words in it-seems dramatic critics, indeed, seem to deplore the obsolescence of the ancient mistors of throwing dead cuts and venerable agus and calibrages at players who displaced, and seak the vocabulary through for verbal substitutes equally mal-

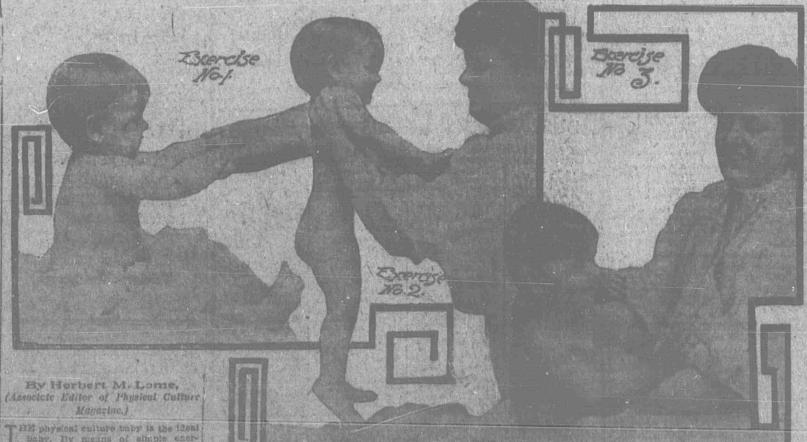
And chargeman who but a brief tose hundred years or so ago might have had the pleasure of consigning the wicked to the finnes which they may only prophesy for them now, put all the sulphorous definations in the words with which they descentes them. Very often the critica and the clerry have good reason for ran-or. But relate demonstraton is so generally accepted as the castant and quickest way of getting a respication that it immediately calls in question the good faith of the person was employed. As for woman, we are a sad lot to be sure. Here in New York one divine

descended us for tippling, and out in Chicago another calls us to account for the constitue. I wonder we may do without being scolded, except sit in

the comer and shuff ashes? That was, of course, for a long since supposed to be the favorite rastime of all crair rightsoms women. But somehow latterly we have test our taste for ashed And I'm atraid so clerical distribe will bring it back.

# HINTS FOR THE HOME.

# PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE NURSERY.



cises, which carnot possibly injure c., child and which any parent on nurse can readily administer, the sidely.

havy may become chulby, joby and a between your thumbs and forefingers; dees, and from this point repeat the en- guide in this connection. The instant Drange Pudding.

Orange Pudding.

Orange

"The House of Silence" Inrned Into "The House of Mirth."

was works bell no takes; they just look But Victor's hour was to come last 'em. At the Savoy Theatre last night at night. The artist chap was in the divers welrd and unhappy persons had house making American love to the misfortune not to be wax, and Beatrice when Victor and the green they were obliged to say things that written. The things Mr. Viele had gone to the unnecessary pains of writing constituted a play of herror that was

horribly funny "The House of Silence" he called it; but the audience, after many heroic ef-forts to keep its face straight, changed it into "The House of Mirth." principal victims of this theatrical joke of the season were Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett. They were bound by con tract to give the play a New York production without further delay, so said the press agent, and for the first time in our life we believe him. There certainly could have been no other re-

Mr. Vide, who has written severa readable stories, should have stept him-self between covers. His mad effort to become a playwright places him and the Hacketts in a ridiculous position. "The House of Stlenge" had a pro-

logue, which was almost as bad as hav ing a mortgage. It was gram and gray, and on a cliff from which an old painter was pushed to his fitting reward by a Caliban-like servant, who craved the wife of his master.



Hackett as Victor, Mary Mannering as Beatrice, and Edwin Arden as Paul Gregory.

pushing, and files liftery Mannering, was the lady who tried very hard to make it seem a tragedy. She-raised her votes to heaven and other high places, but only succeeded in bringing down a snow-storm that covered "Fiere are 100 chickens and a team of up Victor's guilty tracks. Bestrice, it homes. Elich up the homes, load the whe was counting upon having her voice restored as soon as her husband's pictures were good enough to sell.

But Victor wasn't interested in ert. He was interested only in Beatrice, and he warned her to keep silent less the villegers might suspect her of musider. She obeyed him and went back to the Epuse of Silence as his

"nicos" It was all very simple in Brittany, where the felk are simple. to have everything his own way. He could frighten the superstitious Bretons with yarns of witchery and keep them away from the House of Si-

T was one next best thing to a nice, He came back to face the Canan-jolly evening in the subway sec- gate and a green light that gave the



Mary Mannering as Beatrice, Machesta as Victor.

from the loft, but where the green light came from was the prize mystery of this mystery play.

Victor, of course, was bent on trilling the lovers. Money couldn't bribe him from his devilish purposs. He gloated geefully when the American attacked him, and choked him beautifully, though not completely. When tully, though not completely, which he was flung aside for the moment the American wrapped Beatrice in his arms, and together they estimy awaited their fate. The raging Victor, seising a scythe, rushed toward them—but, Ahl gentle reader, put your faith in Mr. Viele.

Not he did not summon "a sod from the machine," but he brought into play that other good old theatrical device, the avenging stroke of lightning—and s-z-g-z-t-t|--it sizzled along the soythe and laid low the mur-dernus stretch

derous wretch.

When the audience was through laughing it called out the nuthor, who didn't look a bit like his play.

It was rumored there was blank vesse in the play, but this rumor could not be varified.

CHARLIES DARNTON.

# Who Should Be Boss?

NGE upon a time a youth, who had commetteed to mavigate the sea of matrimony, went to his father and said: "Father, who should be boss, I or my wife?"

Then the old man smiled and said: oblekens into the wagon and wherever you can find a man and his wife dwelling, stop and make inquiry as so who is the boss. Wherever you find a woman cunning things leave a chicken. If you come to a pince where the man is in control, give him one of the horses." After 70 chickens had been disposed of, sage the San Francisco Chronicle, he came to a house and made the usual

"I'm the boss o' this ranch," said the

"Got to show me."

So the wife was called, and she up firmed her husband's assertion.

them away from the House of Si-lence, but he conduct scare an Ameri-can artist—No, siree!

Aff. Edwin Arden was very brave and declamatory as the American art-ist who not only extend the dreaded garden, but locked out Victor when he ran after a precodous altar boy who had skipped off with Ms spade.

In the husband's assertion.

"Takin whichever horse you want," So the russiant said: "The take the buy." But the wife district the the buy."

But the wife district the the buy.

The state and talked to him. He returned and said: "I believe I'll take the grave,

"Not much," said Missouni. "You'll take a chicken."

# May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Pancy Blouss-Pattern No. 5284.

O UCH a fanoy blouse as this O one to much to he desired for indonnal dinners, the theatre end all coeastons of the sort, and will be found effective made from any of the pretty soft silk and wool materials of the season. In the libustration silk veiling is combined with lace and touches of vely t, but there is almost no limit to be set to the possibilities of the model The lines of the front give the becoming, tapering of-feet, while there is also é desp girdle that can be of the material or of some aoft allk in the same shade, as may be preferred. Radium allk, chiffon, messa-Mne, crepe de chine -all are suitable and in every way to be desired, whether the model is used for the separate waist or the entire The quantity of